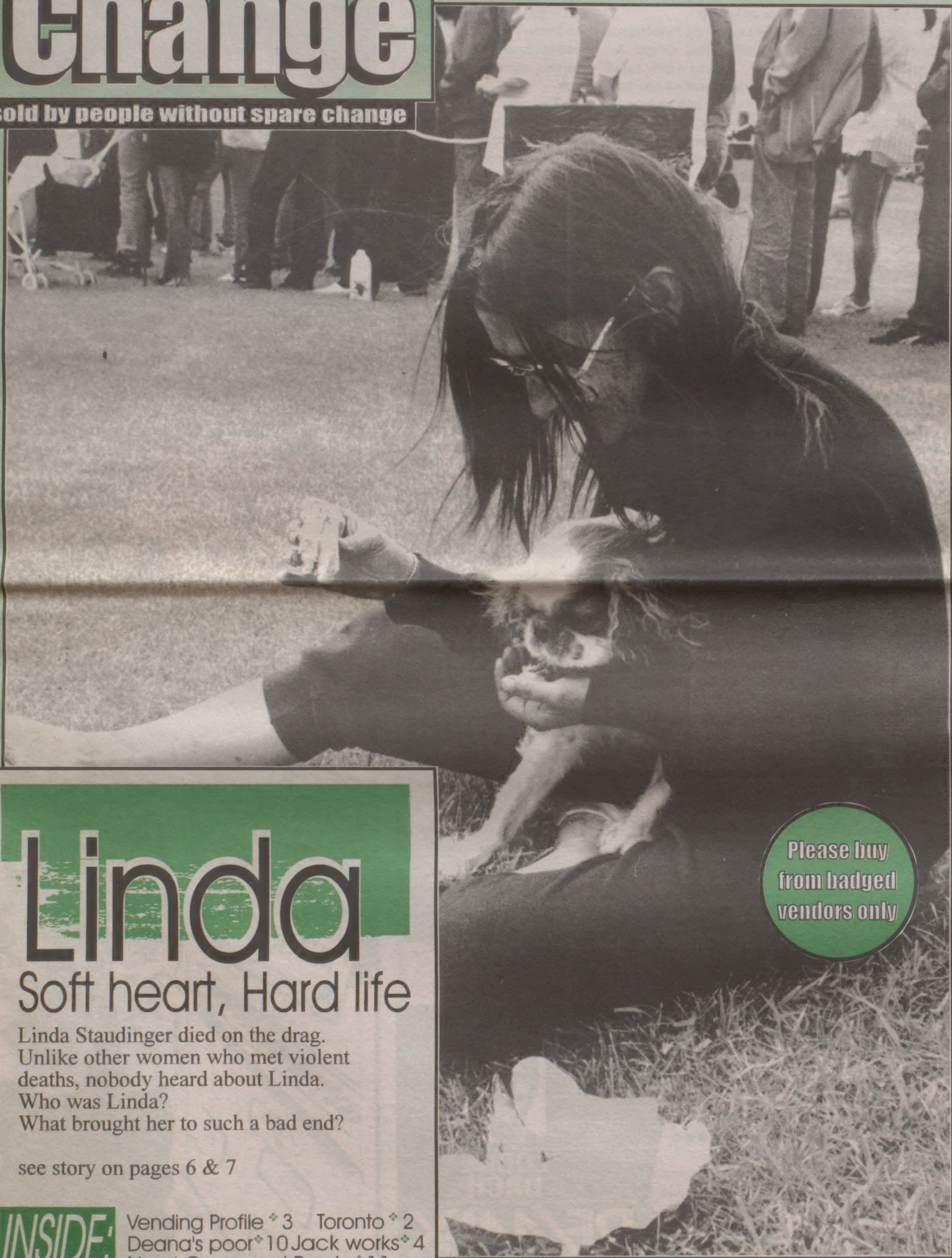


Spare Change

sold by people without spare change

Who was Linda?

Price Negotiable
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Linda

Soft heart, Hard life

Linda Staudinger died on the drag.
Unlike other women who met violent
deaths, nobody heard about Linda.
Who was Linda?
What brought her to such a bad end?

see story on pages 6 & 7

INSIDE:

Vending Profile ♦ 3 Toronto ♦ 2
Deana's poor ♦ 10 Jack works ♦ 4
New! Crossword Puzzle ♦ 11

THE CHURCH LADY

Street workers from across Canada gather on the streets of Toronto

by Linda Dumont

Street Level was the name of a national conference for street workers held in Toronto at the end of April. Glen and I of Christ's Love Ministry in Edmonton were very lucky to be able to attend.

The theme of the conference was "You are not alone". It was chosen because many street workers have a sense of isolation from the main stream church, and are often seen as either fools for spending so much time with the poor and dysfunctional, or heroes for doing work that few others would do.

Our first day at the conference was spent visiting Toronto street ministries setting up display tables of pictures, brochures and other information from across Canada for the "Festival of Ministries". We brought copies of our *Spare Change* as well as the *Inner City Directory* and

information on Christ's Love Ministry. All of the newspapers were picked up.

We visited the First Nations Independent Full Gospel Assembly, Toronto's only native church. It was only a half hour walk from the hotel where the conference was being held. En route to the church we passed a street newspaper vendor selling *The Outrider*. Two blocks further along another vendor was selling the rival newspaper, the *Outreach Connection*. I bought one paper from each of the vendors, but the rest of our group seemed unaware them.

At the native church, the pastor explained the name First Nations was chosen for a feeling of pride in their native heritage. Full gospel means that it is a gospel that includes all cultures so that one can be proud of one's native heritage and culture and be a Christian, he said.

The first evening of the conference wound up with a buffet

supper followed by a plenary gathering. Music followed with the Plenary Band, a group assembled from among the street workers attending the conference.

The next two days were spent in workshops and seminars. I attended four: Non-Violent Crisis Intervention; Native Street Youth; Pastoring the Poor; and Violence on the Streets.

On the streets of Toronto we met Martin, a panhandler who was seated on the sidewalk, wrapped in an old sleeping bag. He told us he and five others live in a park, and they sometimes eat at soup lines when they can't earn enough money for food.

He said a van comes to the park at night with soup, sandwiches and juice. Glen spoke to a woman selling newspapers who said she lives under a



Linda and Glen Dumont in Toronto.

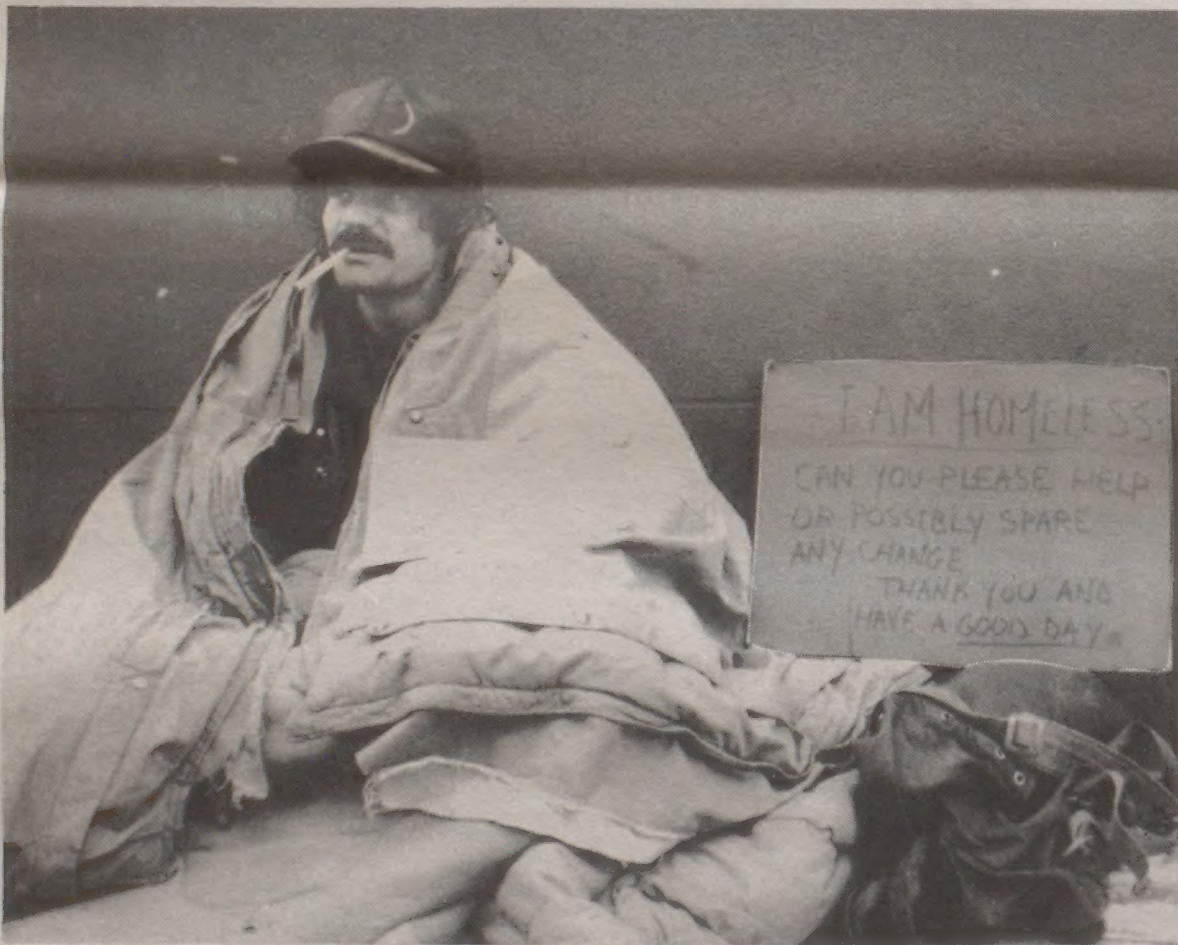
bridge. It was evident to us that poor people in Toronto have it pretty much the same as poor people everywhere.

There were 250 street workers at the conference, although the conference planners originally thought they'd be lucky to draw fifty people.

The conference was put together by a group of people from many different Christian organizations. Pat Nixon of Mustard Seed Calgary and An-

dre Normandin of Operation Mobilization Montreal were actively involved in all the planning. Funding for the conference came from many sources including: Maranatha, World Vision, and the Women's Temperance Union.

The conference was a valuable experience, especially meeting other street workers from across Canada and sharing with them. The theme: "You are not alone" was well chosen.



Martin lives in a Toronto park.

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More than anything else this newspaper exists because of the efforts of the people who sell it to you on the street, the vendors. Each issue we highlight one of these people, and tell a little bit about the people who bring you Spare Change.

Struggle Towards a Dream: Dawna's Story



by Marjorie Bencz

Almost anyone living, working or visiting the inner city over the last few years has either met or seen Dawna Romine. She is slim and tall with blue eyes and blonde hair. Dawna is well-known for her childlike enthusiasm and her openness and frankness about life. But, at 25 years old, Dawna has experienced tough times.

When I asked Dawna about herself for this column, she quickly pointed out that I must explain her speech impediment. As a baby she became very ill and, at one point, the doctors wanted to turn off the equipment that kept Dawna alive. Her family wanted her to have a chance to live. And she did, but the illness left one quarter of Dawna's brain damaged.

Her speech impediment is a spin off of this unfortunate event. Throughout her life she has felt people have not always understood her, that they have based unfair judgements on her verbal and physical presentation.

Dawna lives off a small pension but it isn't easy. She has worked in restaurants and, at various times, she worked the streets. Because she worked the streets (she quit last year) she feels she is discriminated against by employers.

Dawna sells *Spare Change* to raise some extra money. She enjoys it because it provides an opportunity to meet and talk with people. Her favourite spots to sell *Spare Change* are along Whyte Avenue at either 104

Street or 106 Street. Dawna wants to help *Spare Change* become bigger and more successful and to help out she is gathering information for a want ad section in the paper. She says *Spare Change* fits with her personal philosophy. "People don't need donations...don't want pity....they want to be treated like everyone else, with respect," says Dawna.

Nearly three years ago Dawna had a daughter, Elizabeth, who is now in Dawna's mother's custody. She has blue eyes and blonde hair like her mother and Dawna's eyes light right up when she describes how pretty Elizabeth is. She would like custody of her child but she doesn't think it will happen soon.

These days Dawna enjoys cooking dinners for her friends. She spends a lot of time at the Bissell Centre casual labour office and the Boyle Street Co-op. She enjoys watching mystery and adventure shows. Dawna's bike is her main form of transportation, but she rides for fun too. She saved the money to fix her bike and to buy a helmet and gloves for safety.

Dawna manages her money very carefully. She would like to save enough to buy a restaurant. She would like to be a cook, a manager or even a bartender. She says her dreams don't often come true. But, then again, Dawna, that is why they call them "dreams."



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Authorized Vendor**

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number _____

authorized by _____

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- I will be polite to all members of the public
- I will vend only in areas that are authorized

Signed _____

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Change
ID badge

People stories have the most appeal

Spare Change hits streets of Saskatoon

Spare Change is a hit in both Edmonton and Calgary. Now Saskatoon people are interested in bringing *Spare Change* to their streets and we are looking at making some more changes to our little newspaper.

Going into three major prairie cities means the *Spare Change* must speak to many different communities. The details about coffee shops in

downtown Edmonton, for example, won't quite cut it for many readers.

We have decided to focus in on what is probably the most important part of *Spare Change*, the stories about people.

These stories carry their truth no matter what city they are in.

And, welcome to our new readers in Saskatchewan.

All *Spare Change* vendors are required to wear an ID badge (shown above) and abide by a code of conduct. If you have any comments about our vendors, phone our distribution manager in your city (see page 5).

Not a dull boy, Jack works



by Sean O'Hagen

The inner city, it has such a mystical sound to it, like inner sanctum, a place that contains knowledge and power.

But the inner city holds no such mystique for longtime resident of Edmonton's lower side, Jack.

Jack makes no bones about the fact that he has little time for many inner city people. Unlike many "single employables" (like inner city, another wonderful term) Jack works.

It's not regular work but Jack hustles...he shows up at the casual labour office early every working morning and he gets jobs.

I talked to Jack one day when he was waiting at the casual labour office.

Jack still lives on as little as \$400 a month and he's no stranger to life on the streets. But now, he tells me, he focuses pretty much on getting good work.

It wasn't always like this for Jack. Born in a small town in Alberta, Jack set out to see the world at the early age of sixteen. Life was different then, it was the sixties. Love, peace and travel were in the air. Jack's

journey took him down a path that was not always on the right side of the law.

He was in California when it was happening; he lived on a commune; he worked in crisis centres in New Mexico; Jack

saw a lot. He talks openly about being involved with drugs and alcohol abuse, and the subsequent violations of the law.

A big turning point in his life, if we must call it that, took place when Jack was serving

time in jail.

At a table playing cards one evening, the group of prisoners were talking about why they were "inside". Guess what? Everyone of them was innocent.

Things started to click then for Jack, including the fact that just maybe he was guilty, and responsible for being exactly where he should be.

At this point, Jack and I stepped outside for a cigarette and a man staggered up to us.

"I hate all you people," he said standing defiantly before us.

His rear end was wet and stained with faeces. As he stood there, he opened his fly and tried to urinate on us.

Jack seemed to accept this as normal. In fact, a group of passing young women applauded this man's display, must to his apparent pleasure.

Going back inside, I asked Jack what did bother him?

"Being ripped off by your own, and by those that are supposed to help," he says.

I needed some explanation on that one.

Jack used to reside at the Single Men's Hostel in Edmonton. He and several other resi-

dents moved out when the hostel, which has been run by Alberta Social Services, was turned over to be run privately. For security reasons Jack and several of the other former residents still used the hostel as a mailing address and picked up their mail there. But in January their GST cheques went missing.

The cheques are being replaced but Jack and some of his friends really needed the money then, in January, not at some time in the future, and Jack is bitter.

At one time, Jack says, the old adage "honour amongst thieves," held true. But not any more, he says. On the streets now, there is a more selfish breed of criminal. No one is safe.

What of the future according to Jack. Anarchy. There will be "blood in the streets" and lawlessness. It sounds drastic, but this comes from a man who has lived on the streets most of his life and has witnessed the erosion in society over at least three decades.

As I left Jack that afternoon, the bells of City Hall were peeling and I couldn't help but think, For Whom Bells Toll.



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Spare Change

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It's dangerous being poor

One more slum rental house burns down. In the basement suite, someone died.

On the drag, a woman is kicked to death. Over sniffing glue.

In hospital emergency wards, the staff know well that much of their work comes from the poorer streets in the city.

There is no doubt that being poor is dangerous. You can read about it in the news every day. The statistics back it up.

Poor men are twice as likely to die in the first five years of retirement as wealthy men.

Lower income women with breast cancer are 50% more likely to die than higher income women, even if they are diagnosed at the same stage of cancer.

It's their own fault, many people say. Poor people are poor because they are lazy, drunks who can't even take care of themselves. But saying that is real laziness. It's a way to shrug off the problem, and not deal with the reality that fellow human beings are in tough, dangerous situations. Getting angry with people is an easy way to keep from feeling badly for them, or from feeling a need to do something about the problems.

Reading *Spare Change* gives a different picture of people struggling along in this society. People on the street, people in poverty, are people too. Canada offers a safe and secure life for many of its citizens, but a dangerous and unsafe existence for so many too.

\$300 is what it takes

Albertans United for Social Justice held a protest soup line outside the hall of a Ralph Klein banquet recently. Tickets to the banquet were \$300 and outside, protesters distributed a leaflet about the significance of \$300 to many Albertans.

\$300 is all that twelve children, whose families are on welfare, receive to pay for all school expenses (registration fees, school supplies, running shoes, field trips, etc.) for an entire year; would keep a child in a full-time kindergarten program for six months; is what provincial cutbacks will cost five average seniors each and every month; is what a minimum wage worker gets paid for 60 hours of labour—gross.

Mike's gun

Mike Cardinal bought a handgun
Everyone should own one,
for their own protection,
so people said.

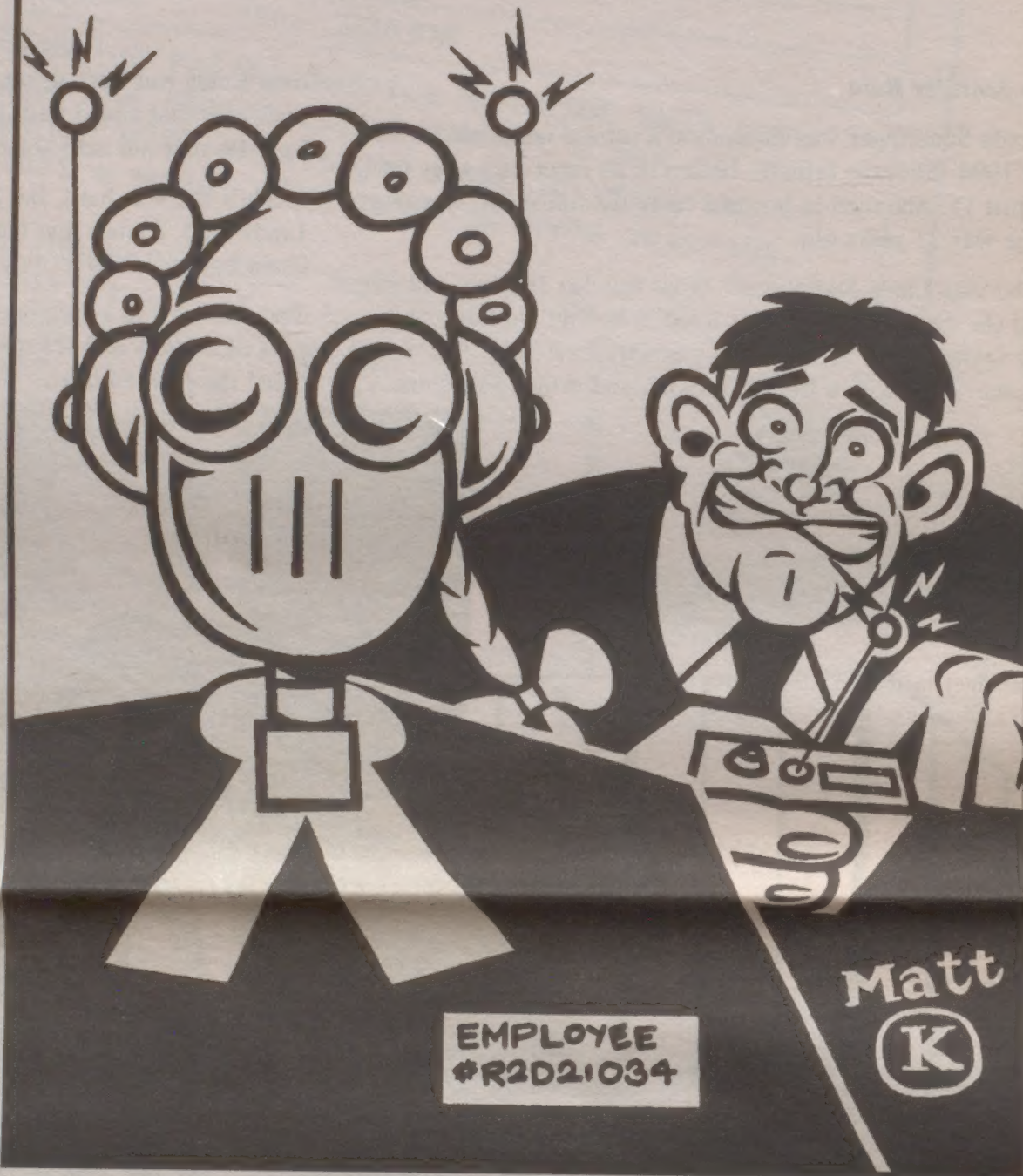
It's those fierce and dangerous bears,
coming in spring hungry from their lairs,
that Mike must dread.

Mike's been getting death threats.
This man who's stopping provincial debts,
by cutting welfare for desperate families.

So Mike can feel safer
all those bears at bay
but moms and children must go hungry
on another sad, sad day.

NEWS ITEM: Social Services minister Mike Cardinal buys Smith & Wesson for self-defence.

"YES, MASTER... I HEAR AND OBEY!"



Welcome to Saskatoon

Dear *Spare Change*:

After spending the last number of years working in the inner city of Saskatoon and a year in the skid-row area of Vancouver, I now find myself involved in a whole, new venture. And once again I have the opportunity of working with people who are struggling to survive within their means.

This new opportunity is bring-

ing the *Spare Change* newspaper to Saskatoon. This paper unique in our city. The street newspaper concept originated in London and has spread around the world, including now to many Canadian cities.

Bringing it to Saskatoon will give people here a chance at a rewarding venture. Vendors and writers can find some hope and dignity through selling and writing

this newspaper. It's a viable means to share some of our stories and at the same time develop entrepreneurial and skills. What a wonderful way for members of various societies to meet and become more aware of one another!

Thank you to our new Saskatoon readers, and a sincere thank you to the Saskatoon businesses, organizations and others who are assisting our endeavours through their financial and moral support. It's wonderful to know so many people believe in the philosophy of the paper and this simple, unique method of people helping themselves.

I hope you enjoy this issue and watch for upcoming issues in the months to come.

Yours, from the Saskatoon *Spare Change* office,
Heather Macdonald

A note from Calgary Spare Change vendors

We wish to thank our supporters in Calgary for making our first month a success. This special thanks also goes out to the people of *Spare Change* in Edmonton for their support and encouragement.

Spare Change

June, 1994

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Spare Change welcomes your contribution. Letters sent to the editor are assumed to be for publication, unless otherwise indicated. *Spare Change* welcomes written submissions, particularly those submitted on IBM compatible computer disk, cartoons, photographs or artwork. *Spare Change* cannot accept responsibility for any submission.

Death on the drag: Linda's hard life, soft heart, and b

by Jennifer Bain

Linda Staudinger was Edmonton's second homicide victim of 1994. She was brutally beaten in an inner-city alley on April 15. She died in hospital early the following morning. She was 33 years old.

Who was Linda Staudinger? What was her life like and why did she die this way? Linda lived in downtown Edmonton for many years, no one knows exactly how long. She stayed on the street with a life of drinking and drugs. For some

time Linda had been using glue, sniffing. And it was a fight over glue that ended with Linda getting her head kicked in by a 19-year old man she barely knew.

Linda's life was hard, but her heart was soft. And when Linda died, friends and family gathered at the Mustard Seed Church, April 26th to mourn Linda Staudinger.

The service was a simple one in the 96th St. church. Three pots of flowers and several candles lined the stage. People filled the rows of chairs. A black and white photo of a

serious-looking Linda was p
picture, Linda's sitting on gr

Pastor Evelyn Ritch invites p
about Linda. The first woma
speak.

Donna speaks next and she r
over a man. "It was a stupid
forgave her after awhile and

"She was like a street mom t
Herbert says. "She took me i
She gave me shit when I need
spirit."

One man gratefully describes
bar fight, even though they h
Linda for eight years and say
out for a lot of people down h

Linda's street family didn't k
but three members of the fam
baby arrived and were glad th
to remember a woman they'd
"She was a sweet girl and it w
quality remained in her," say
terfly.

Her sister, Sue Ann Brzak ren
delicate tot. They came to the
Helge Staudinger, who explain
adopted when her birth mothe
her and had left her at his bro
berta.

Walt and his wife Jean adopte
Jean Hope Staudinger. Walt d
but she grew up with her adop

"Linda was Uncle Walt's little
was his wish that she would b
of ironic that that's where she

Rose says she was Linda's bes
scribe Linda's life in the day o
Linda received welfare and "h

She lived at the International F
own "with a kitchen to cook, i
room," Rose says. "She loved
have a place where she could l
crashed at Linda's place when

Friend Bruce Fox says Linda
vor," and that it was her choic

"She kinda got stuck in a situa
doesn't that suck?" asks Bruce



Linda talks to a friend on the steps of the Mustard Seed Church.



Be part of a success story!

The restored flatiron building will reopen in 1994 as the new home of the Women's Emergency Accomodation Centre (WEAC). Nearly \$10,000 was raised at the gala kick-off dinner April 13. Help make history in the Gibson Block on Jasper Avenue. Your donation—whether it is \$100 or \$10—will help women in need. *Thank you*—from hundreds of women who will find food, safety and support at the Centre every year.

Send your cheque or money order today. Make it payable to the:

Edmonton City Centre Church Corporation
#605, 10065 Jasper Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta T5J 3B1



• Mayor Jan Reimer chairs the Gibson Block Action Committee (GBAC) •
Over 30 volunteers raising money for this project

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POLICE REPORT

Occurrence **HOMICIDE #2 - 1994/WOMAN BEATEN TO DEATH**

Location **106 AVE - 96 ST**

Date **15 APR 94**

Time **2:30 PM**

The Edmonton Police Service **HOMICIDE UNIT** has upgraded the charge filed against a man in connection with an alleged beating yesterday that left a woman with critical head injuries.

The incident occurred around 2:30 pm Friday afternoon in an alley south of 9614-106 Avenue when a man allegedly threw a woman to the ground and began punching and kicking her in the head. Passers-by scared the attacker away and called for police and paramedics. The victim was taken to the Royal Alexandra Hospital with life-threatening head injuries. She died from her injuries early Saturday morning. The victim is a 33 YEAR OLD WOMAN of no fixed address. Investigators have positively identified her but will not release her identity pending notification of next of kin.

With assistance from several citizens police were able to arrest a suspect within 10 minutes of the incident. A man matching the suspect's description was arrested without incident in front of the International Hotel at 103A Avenue - 96 Street. Police are still trying to determine whether the victim was or was not acquainted with her attacker. But detectives have determined that alcohol was involved in the incident.

The initial charge filed against the suspect was **Aggravated Assault**. The charge has since been changed to one count of **2nd Degree Murder**.

ad end

projected on a screen. In the
ass feeding a dog in her lap.
people to come forward to talk
n to rise cries, but cannot

remembers fighting with Linda
thing actually," Donna says, "I
he's quite an idiot."

o me," a misty-eyed Kim
in when I had nowhere to sleep.
ded it. She was a very high

how Linda saved him from a
adn't yet met. Neon Bob knew
s simply, "She really looked
here."

now she had any other family,
ily that had adopted Linda as a
hey had travelled to Edmonton
lost touch with years before.
was kind of nice to see that
s Linda's cousin, Louise But-

members Linda as an "impish,
e memorial with their father,
ined that Linda had been
er had been unable to care for
other Walt's in southern Al-

ed the girl and named her Linda
died when Linda was just two,
pted family in Lethbridge.

le treasure, " says Butterfly. "It
be kept off the streets. It's sort
e ended up."

est friend and she tried to de-
days before she was killed.
hung out" on 96 St.

Hotel but wanted a place of her
instead of living in a hotel
d everybody and she wanted to
help people." Friends often
n they needed a place.

"was wounded, but a survi-
ce to leave her adopted family.

ation, but was her choice,
e.

and Research

nging *Spare Change*

eir employees enhance their
sive, custom-designed planning,
es.

Fax: 468-2831

He says Linda nicknamed her inner
city world "Sesame Street, because
of all the waterheads, the brain-dead
people —so it's the equivalent of
Sesame Street, with everyone playing
their own little scenes," Bruce ex-
plains.

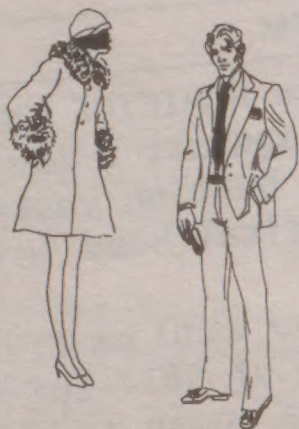
He remembers Linda as an animal
and people lover "who could stomach
even the stinkiest of stinky people. I
don't know why she did that," Bruce
mused. "Maybe because people like
that had already been rejected
enough.

"She would have said that she loved
everybody," says Rose. "She had a
big heart for everybody." To the
people that loved Linda, that's all
that mattered.



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POEMS FOR OUR TIMES

It's raining, Ralph

It's raining, Ralph, it's raining!
Come on now, Look outside!
As a matter of fact, Ralph, it's pouring,
a fact that cannot be denied.

Once upon a time, not too long ago,
a predecessor of yours
set up what he called "The Heritage Trust"
in reserve for rainy day shower!
As the years passed, it grew and it billowed,
until now it holds Twelve Billion Plus,
set aside for a rainy day season
and a time such as now inflicts us!

But, Ralph, it's there and it's raining,
and YOU call it a "Rainy Day Fund"
am I wrong to suggest that you use it,
or am I just Senile and Stunned? —what's it for?

(And where are the Tory Back-benchers,
and the Liberals all on this Score?
It's wet out here, feillas, get with it—
—we just can't take too much more!

How much is our annual deficit?
A ridiculous amount to be sure,
but it's going to get worse before better
and the debt will forever endure
as long as your cutting and slashing
continues without thought or Blink
so please take the Rainy Day Trust Fund, Ralph,
It's pouring out here — Stop and Think!

It's raining, Ralph, it's raining,
and children are starving out here;
Medical care is suffering
and education looks drear!
Crime is rampant in the streets,
the homeless do abound,
Seniors live in terror
(afraid to make a sound!)

The true "Alberta Advantage", Ralph, is this:
We live in God's Country,
where folk from ev'ry walk of life
have lived in harmony.
Take not our Heritage away,
Reflect on what you do
and with the Rainy Day Trust Fund
restore our skies of blue! Please!

Niel Morton
March 1994

*Remember, Ralph, that you are our premier, the elected
Representative of the People —not the "back room boys!"
You need not be manipulated if you are a "man of the
people!"*

Provincial Predator

He stalks the Province poor,
Once he's got their spoor,
Like a proper, uninformed boor,
This Klein-system whore!

"Take! Take! Take! Never give,
Rob 'em blind, don't let 'em live
The poor don't deserve a div-
idend. Make 'em bend and slip
An' slide in mud-slick gutters
—Give 'em the shiv!
I'm not one to care or forgive,"
Says this Klein-system whore.

"History show there's always been poors,
Y' can't ban 'em, they survive like Moors
In a miasma of want their futures bleary,"
says this Klein-system deary.

Circle redbirds in blood-scented air,
Cardinal sins on earth their teeth do
bare,
To make sure the poor have no sugar,
To make sure the poor have no quarter.

Says this Klein-system skewer:
"I am Minister, and in Alberta I decree
The poor no more to be!"

Circles widen in their gyre,
Taloned hawks spire around the fire,
Waiting, waiting for a redbird mourning,
Waiting, waiting for a newpink dawning.

—Shard Mammernick

What is Life?

What is Life to a young man
who can not face reality.
Is Life phony or real?
Even when you live you
really don't know.

What is Life to a young man
who doesn't know what
Life really means.

It hurts to know that
the young man is me.

What about Love, care, concern.
Is that the meaning?
Or is it? But where does
it all fit in.

So what does Life mean to
This young man who happens
to be me.

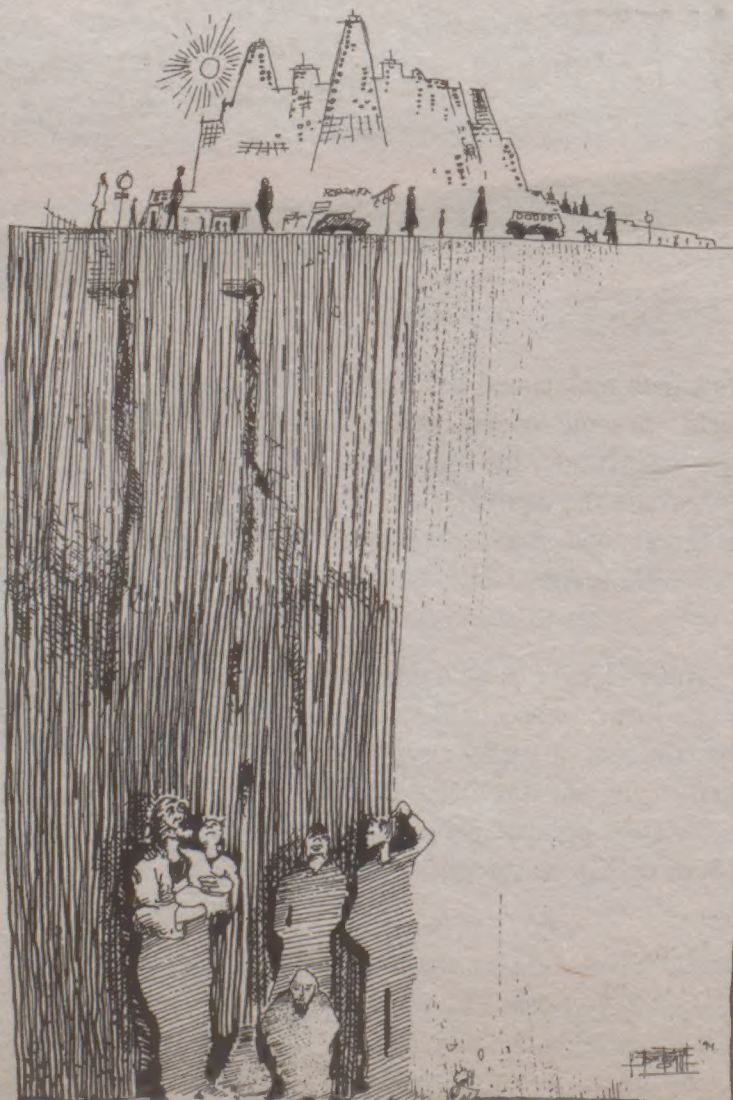
Life goes on even when you
pass away. It always goes one,
on and on.

So what does this Life have
for tis young man
who happens to be me.

—Edward Kipper

You lie there so hard, so cold, so
still,
You never have a comment, but life
has given you your fill,
At night they run to you for a comfort
of sorts,
But, if they let you, you'll cut their life
short,
You hold so many secrets within,
So many lives you've taken in,
You're a legend, but no role model
for anyone,
The deceit you carry is never done,
You're always hungry, wanting to
be led,
But if I feed you, I'll end up dead.
You are the streets.

—Connie Ford-Mulligan



DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY CAN SEE US?

Getting out of prostitution: some ideas

by Tom Hind

If you had a son or daughter caught in the spider web of street prostitution and they wanted to get out of "the life", would you want a "safe house" for them to unravel the webs in?

Anne (not her real name) is a 33 year old prostitute who has been practising since she was 13. She is inured to the lifestyle, actually liking it. She doesn't want out. She has this to say about a safe house, with counselling and support:

"Nah. Not for me. It would just turn into another institution run by government. I'm allergic to institutions of any kind. Besides, I feel safe on the strip. Lotta bros and sisters to look after my back. I don't use a

pimp. What money I make is mine. I make over a grand a week. No, the idea of a resource centre don't appeal t'me. Maybe it's for some of the other girls. I know a few that wanna get out."

Rebecca (not her real name) is 22. She's been hooking and snorting since she was 17. She

"I wouldn't want to straighten out in the city, so close the 'life' and people and coke."

—Rebecca

wants out, but tells me:

"There's really no place to go. That battered women's centre they're opening in the Gibson Block wouldn't do. Us

pros've got a different set of problems. We wouldn't relate well.

"The only thing that would work is a place run by old pros who somehow got out. We could relate to their stories and they'd have our respect and trust. We couldn't give that to any other kind of outfit."

However one views the issue of prostitution, from a strongly moralistic view, or from a "decriminalize and assimilate" view, the fact remains that is considered a problem in our downtown area—a problem, according to one advocate, that needs to be addressed immediately.

Sandi Morrison of the Edmonton Social Planning Council has compiled two studies on the "problem" and its effects and side-issues in the Boyle-McCauley area.

Street Prostitution in Edmonton is based on interviews with male and female prostitutes and analyzes the needs for those who want to opt out of the life. The second study is actually a Proposal for a Resource Centre for Prostitutes.

If one is to give the issue a fair shake, one should look at the costs of harbouring girls in jail, along with the legal and medical costs, versus the costs of a resource centre that could give them the possibility of getting off the streets for good.



Sandi Morrison will be taking her proposal to City Council soon, looking for City support and funding options for the project. She would be pleased to hear from you about your ideas.

Rebecca, the 22 year old pro said: "I wouldn't want to straighten out in the city, so close the 'life' and people and coke. It would be too much

temptation for me to handle at first. No.

"I'd want a country retreat, if ya get me, like an old monastery or something like that setting where I could think and relax and be right away from the life. I think that would work for me."

To contact Sandi Morrison call the Edmonton Social Planning Council at 423-2031.



Edmonton Street Guide

Advocates

Bissell Centre 423-2285
10527 - 96 Street
Boyle Street Co-op 424-4106
9720 - 102 Avenue

Distress Line

482-HELP (-4357)

Emergency Services

Emergency Social Services
427-3390
Sexual Assault Centre 423-
4121 24 hour crisis line
Women's Emergency
Accommodation 423-5302
Win House 479-0058
Lurana Centre 424-5875
Herb Jamieson Centre 429-
3470 10014 - 105A Avenue

A Safe Place 464-7233
Emergency Relief Services 428-
4422

Food

Main Food Bank 425-4190

Detox Centres

AADAC Recovery Centre 427-
5816 10302 - 107 Street 24
hours
George Spady Centre 424-8335
10015 - 105 A Avenue

Health Services

Boyle-McCauley Health Centre
422-7333 10628 - 96 Street
AIDS Network 488-5816 #201,
11456 Jasper Avenue
Sexually Transmitted Disease

Services 427-2834 10105 -
109 Street

Legal Services

Student Legal Services
492-2226
Legal Aid 427-7575 #300,
10320 - 102 Avenue

Seniors

Operation Friendship 429-
2626
9526 - 106 Avenue

Youth Services

Crossroads 474-7421
Boyle Street Co-op Youth
Outreach 424-4106
Youth Emergency Shelter
468-7070 9310 - 82 Ave.

Calgary Street Guide

Advocates

Calgary John Howard Society
266-4566
Calgary Legal Guidance 234-
9266

AIDS

Aids Calgary
288-0155
Sexually Transmitted Disease
Services (STD clinic)
97-6562

Distress Line

Canadian Mental Health,
Suicide Services 297-1744
Community Resource Team
299-9699
Distress Centre/Drug Centre
266-1605
Kids Help Phone 1-800-668-
6868
Telecare Calgary 266-0700

Emergency Services

Police 911
Child Abuse Hot Line:
call the Operator ('0'), ask for
Zenith 1234
Emergency Social Assistance
(also for runaways) 270-5335

Food

Interfaith Food Bank 7475
Flint Road, S.E. 253-2055
Salvation Army Food Bank
269-5951
Daily meals are served at a
variety of locations. Call 221-
8780 for information.

Medical Care

Calgary Urban Projects
Society, Health Centre 221-
8780

Shelter

(Short Term)
Alpha House 234-7388
(alcohol)
Drop-in Centre 266-3600
Native Women's Shelter 531-
1972
Salvation Army Booth Centre
262-6188
Women's Emergency Shelter
232-8717

Youth Services

Alberta Safe House Society
244-4737
Avenue 15 244-4847
EXIT 262-9953

Saskatoon Street Guide

Food

Saskatoon Food Bank 664-
6565 202 Avenue C South
Friendship Inn 242-5122
619 - 20 Street West
Salvation Army 244-6280
339 Avenue C South

Shelter

Salvation Army 244-6280
339 Avenue C South
Interval House 244-0185
712 Victoria Ave
Y.W.C.A. 244-0944
510 - 25 Street East

Youth

Saskatoon Downtown Youth
Centre 931-6644
301 - 1st Avenue North

Emergency

Saskatoon Crisis Intervention
933-6200 1410 - 20 St. West

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

One family's struggle

by Marjorie Bencz

Deana Shorten is well-known in Edmonton for her work in numerous anti-poverty groups such as the Child Poverty Action Group and Albertans United for Social Justice. She is a tireless worker fighting against poverty, no doubt in part because of her personal experiences.

Deana, her husband Stephen, and their two children receive a "top-up" income from welfare. They share their inner city home with Derrick, a good friend who also helps pay the



Marjorie Bencz

rent. The rent and utilities are the first priority out of the welfare cheque and Derrick's payment for room and board. After housing is paid there is usually only about \$220 left for food, clothing, transportation and oth-



The Shorten family: Deana, Steven, Tiffany and Alex

er expenses in any one month. They often have to go without many basics, like a telephone, or cough medicine for a sick child.

"It is difficult to survive, let alone get ahead," says Deana. "You use all your energy to deal with daily life. Having sufficient food to maintain your health is impossible."

Deana's story of how she got to where she is today is fascinating. She was born to a middle class, farming family in the Maritimes. Her family had a strong work ethic and Deana was serious about her education, completing a program in Hotel and Restaurant Management. She liked to go to parties and bars. She often felt alone, that she could buy friendship.

Eventually, Deana became concerned that she was losing control over her life and was becoming an alcoholic. Finally she found herself at an emergency shelter.

Steven Shorten was a volunteer at the emergency shelter. For Steven and Diana it was love at first sight. Within three weeks of meeting, they moved to Toronto for a new start.

From the beginning, Deana felt Steven was the "wind beneath her wings". In his soft spoken, gentle way Steven would always be there to support her.

In Toronto they both worked for the Canadian Home Shopping Network. They took or-

ders over the phone and were both quickly promoted. All was going well for the Shorten family. However, just before their first child was born, they received a phone call with the news that Deana's mom had been diagnosed with cancer. They moved back to New Brunswick in order to be near her as she underwent surgery and chemotherapy. Deana and Steven had their daughter Tiffany, and then a son, Alex.

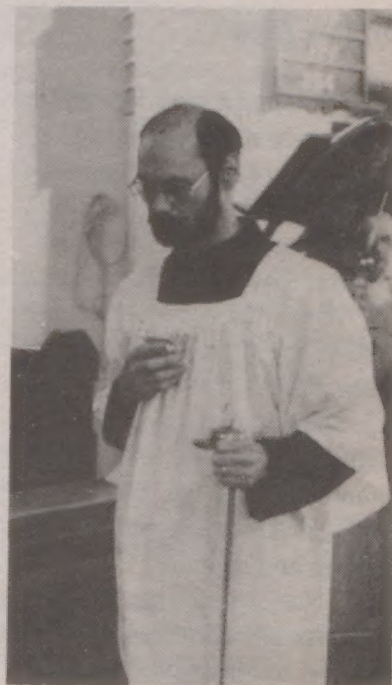
Deana's mother's health improved. The job opportunities were limited in New Brunswick, so the Shortens moved to Vancouver. The weather was great and Deana and Steven soon had jobs with a sales company.

But tragedy struck when Deana's mother died on Remembrance Day. Deana was destroyed. She regretted that she had not stayed with her mom.

Her father flew her home for a short period of time and when she returned she didn't have a job. Steven's job meant that he was travelling a great deal, often in Alberta, so they moved the family to Edmonton.

Shortly after arriving in Edmonton they started their own wholesale distribution company. Despite their best efforts they ran into cash flow problems and the bank called the loan, ending the business.

Deana now manages to work temporary assignments with



Steven Shorten serving mass at St. Stephen's Church

Stats Canada and other organizations. With her experience with WordPerfect, Lotus and her business skills she is actively seeking work in administration or reception.

Stephen is working towards being ordained by the Anglican Church, studying at St. Stephen's Church where he serves mass regularly on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays.

But with all the challenges Deana still finds time to be a community activist. The only way to make a difference, she believes, is to reduce barriers and learn to work together.

"We have to stop worrying about ourselves and start to worry about each other," she says.

FROM THE KITCHEN

Some like it hot, some like it cold



by Noeline H. Bridge

At this time of the year we want food to go outside with us, and as this spicy lemony chicken tastes as good chilled as it does hot, and is especially good at room or outdoors temperature, it's very useful. And it's also easily prepared.

The basic recipe calls for legs, marinated and then baked in the oven. Thighs or wings are equally appropriate. However,

the aromatic marinade makes a tasty foundation for cooking the whole chicken in a casserole on top of the stove.

Although I list red pepper flakes, any chili preparation would be suitable, including crushing whole dried chilies. However, don't use chili powder, which has too many ingredients. One of the charms of this dish is being able to taste each flavour distinctly.

Preparation is quick and simple. Combine the oil, garlic, lemon juice, red pepper flakes and dried oregano in a small saucepan and simmer for one minute. Put the chicken in a deep bowl that's just wide enough to hold the pieces, and pour the hot marinade over it. Marinate the chicken for about 2 hours at room temperature or overnight in the refrigerator, turning it over in the marinade occasionally. (No, you don't

have to set the alarm to go off at 2 a.m., etc.)

Lift the chicken from the marinade and set it out, skin side up, on an oiled cookie sheet or aluminum foil. Bake it at 350F for 40 minutes, brushing or spooning on the remaining marinade after 20 minutes, until the chicken is cooked through and crisp on top.

For cooking the whole chicken on top of the stove you'll need your heaviest pot or skillet, with a snug lid, and some good-quality aluminum foil. Marinate the whole chicken as above. When you're ready to cook it, lift it out of the marinade, gently scraping off any that remains, pat it dry inside and out, and salt and pepper the cavity. Heat up some extra oil (or butter, or both combined) in the casserole, about 3 tbsp., to a medium heat, and saute the chicken on all

sides, just until the flesh stiffens a bit. Pour the remaining marinade over the chicken. Then lay a large piece of foil (or a butter paper) over the chicken breast and put another piece between the pot and its lid. Adjust the heat until you hear an ongoing sizzling noise, but don't use too high heat because this will make the meat go stringy.

The cooking will take about 1½ hours. Every 20 minutes, lift off the lid and the foil and turn the chicken, trying not to break the skin. It's not a disaster if you do, however. It's mostly a matter of cosmetics.

When you can jiggle the thigh, the chicken is done. Let it rest for at least 15 minutes before cutting it up.

Leftovers

Baked chicken: eat it anytime. Braised chicken: Any of the 101 uses for a cold chicken. As well

as sandwiches and salads, you could consider soup. Leftover bones can be boiled up for stock. Boil chopped onion, carrot and celery in the stock for 20 - 30 minutes, then stir in all the leftover chicken. Reheat for about 3 minutes, and serve. With rice: fold into hot, cooked rice. Add more lemon and oregano if you wish.

Ingredients for Spicy, Lemon Chicken

enough chicken legs for 4 people
1 tbsp cooking oil (preferably olive oil)
4 cloves of garlic, minced
juice of ½ to 1 lemon, about ¼ cup
½ (or more) tsp red pepper flakes
1 tsp dried oregano
salt and black pepper to taste

GOING OUT WITHOUT GOING BROKE



Film bargains at repertory cinemas

by Deanna Douglas

The cinema of choice for many bargain hunters is the local repertory theatre; the Princess Theatre in Edmonton's Old Strathcona and Calgary's Plaza on Kensington Avenue.

Repertory theatres show foreign, classic, artistic, and second-run Hollywood films. The resulting combination means that any movie-goer can find something that appeals to them, whatever their taste.

It also allows people to explore new films that they would otherwise never have been exposed to. This is particularly true of the foreign and artistic pictures, but here the penny-

pinching viewer must take care; these movies are often being played for the first time in your city, so they can run at first-run prices.

Repertory theatres offer memberships, making movie-going an even better bargain for members who go regularly.

For those who have never attended a repertory cinema before, I recommend finding a movie that appeals to you and giving the theatre a try. The Princess publishes its own magazine with movie listings, and the Plaza schedule is in City Magazine.

If you like the movie, the ambience and the selection, pick up a membership.

The Princess Theatre
10377 Whyte Avenue,
Edmonton

Movie line: 433-5785

Prices: \$3 members,

\$5 non-members.

Premieres \$5 mem-

bers, \$7 non-mem-

bers.

Saturday matinees for families are only \$1.50 per person.

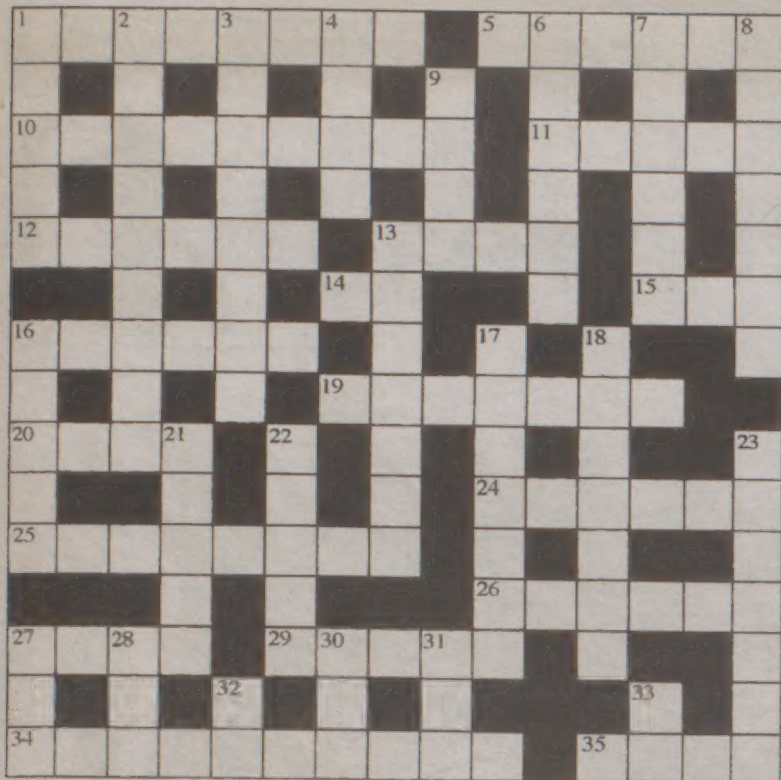
The Plaza Theatre

1133-Kensington Road NW
Calgary

Movie line: 283-3636

Prices: \$3.50 members, \$5.50 non-members.

Premieres \$5.50 members, \$7.50 non-members.



ACROSS

1. Quick, sharp motion (8)
5. Old Beijing (6)
10. Out of proportion (9)
11. Hot Louisiana cooking (5)
12. Sockeye and steelhead (6)
13. Let go (4)
14. General Electric (2)
15. Cans aren't really made of this (3)
16. Summer footwear (6)
19. Surreal Kits cafe (7)
20. Coral structure (4)
24. Slang \$10 (6)
25. Unhealthy sexual interest (9)
26. Separate wheat from chaff (6)
27. Sharpen (4)
29. Death by water (5)
34. Can't breathe; strap one on (6,4)
35. Evidence of a fight (4)

DOWN

1. Slang knives (5)
2. Emergency vehicle (9)
3. Notorious hotel (8)
4. Not one (4)
6. Get away! (6)
7. Put in (6)
8. Root's an aphrodisiac? (7)
9. Scorch (4)
13. Gov't fighting this on a national level (7)
16. Remove, ie paint (5)
17. Steam clock's home (7)
18. Stupid (7)
21. Place everyone wants to be (5)
22. _____ innocent or guilty? (5)
23. Jail's not a luxury hotel (7)
27. To court (3)
28. Study of linguistics, abbr. (3)
30. Outer edge (3)
31. Be, in the past (3)
32. Who, _____? (2)
33. Oceanic province (2)

30 for Free

To place your Free Ad, Fax 30 words or less to:
221-8791 in Calgary 429-7908 in Edmonton 242-1291 in Saskatoon

Agencies Calgary

CUPS needs mens & womens shoes (running shoes preferred), socks + underwear in good condition, new tooth brushes & disposable razors. Please deliver to the back door, 117 - 7th Ave S.W.

Volunteer! It takes a special kind of volunteer to work on Calgary's street population at CUPS. We have opportunities available for front line service delivery, nurses and short term fundraising events. Call: 228-8789.

SPARE CHANGE Calgary

is looking for writers who are willing to help in the development of Calgary material. Call Ed at 221-8781.

Agencies Edmonton

Bissell Child Care - needs daycare cots & chairs, a toy box, a large outdoor umbrella, a low table with chairs for babies, shelves, laundry soap & a wall clock. Call Linda at 429-4126.

Bissell Centre - HELP! We need gardening equipment for low income Edmonton residents participating in a Gardening Project. Shovels, hoes, rakes, etc. Call Marnie at 423-2285.

Boys' & Girls' Clubs of Edmonton - Who listened to you when you were a kid...really listened? How did that make you feel? Kids need adult friends. Call the Partners Program at 422-6038 to volunteer.

CNIB - Fundraising Volunteers Needed; Help! CNIB urgently needs Bingo and fundraising volunteers in Edmonton. Flexible dates, times. Locations in all 4 quadrants of the city. Call Harold - CNIB Volunteer Depart-

Spare Change will run your personal ads for free! Ads must be 30 words or less. For placement in more than one issue, for extra words, or for bold type or special messages extra charges apply.

ment - 488-4871.

John Howard Society - Volunteer as a Court Support Worker. Applications now being accepted. Provide information, support to victims/witnesses of crime going through criminal court. Require mature, reliable, stable individuals. Must be available weekdays. Training provided, call Ann at 428-7590.

Personal Ads Edmonton

Gordy Knows How! Lets keep it clean, folks, basements, attics, garages, & sheds made orderly. I also do yard work - very reasonable, 10% discount for seniors. To find me, look for me vending Spare Change between 103 & 104 St. on Whyte Ave on Sat.; Rice Howard Way & 100a St. Mon. to Fri.

Helene's Collectables Estate Sales, jewelry, china, records, dolls, post cards, salt and peppers, native crafts, \$2.00 neck ties, hats and clothing (\$1.00 and up). Phone 474-4828, 9-6 Mon-Sat.

ROOMMATE NEEDED to share house. Close to University and bus routes. If you have a quiet lifestyle and like your own space call Annie 434-4526. \$350.00 per month includes utilities.

YOU WANT IT, I'LL PAINT IT. Landscapes, portraits, ideas. Prices vary according to size. Tutoring elementary subjects, editing term papers, \$15 per hour. Call Linda at 423-1182.

TUTORS & STUDENTS - Members of PALS tutor adult students in basic reading & writing on a 1-to-1 basis. For more information call 424-5514.

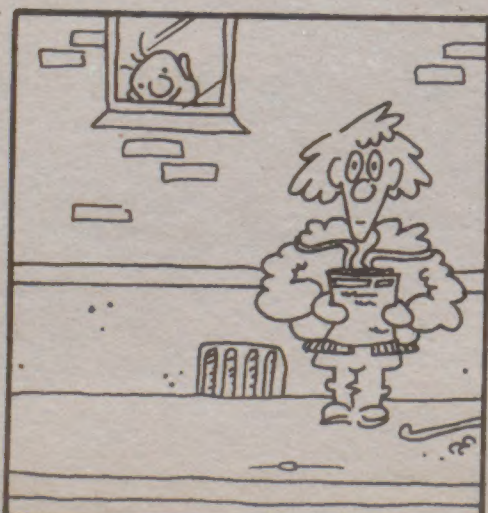
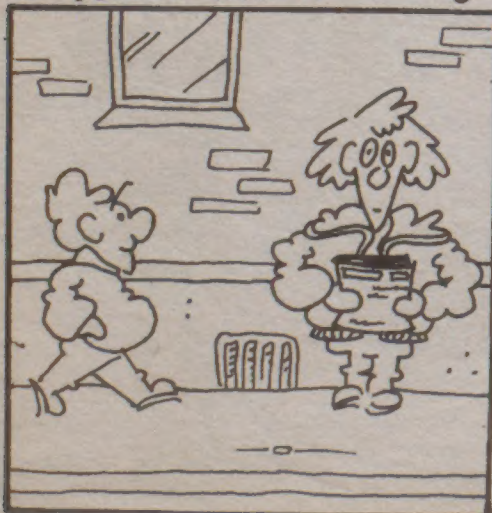
Announcements Edmonton

Student Legal Services is a non-profit organization that provides free legal information and assistance in landlord and tenant, criminal, family and other matters. We also provide seminars. Call 492-2226.

VOLUNTEERS GET MORE OUT OF LIFE! - Find out for yourself. The Volunteer Centre of Edmonton has the right opportunity for you. Don't wait - call us today at 482-6431.

YWCA - YoWoChAs Escape for Women. This is your much deserved chance to escape from your regular routine and pamper yourself! June 17-19 or Oct. 14-16 Call 892-2660 (Edmonton Direct)

Vander-bender



By Jones/94

Suicide: the end of the road?



This was it: the end of the road, and suicide was my destination. I felt hopeless; my future was a dead end.

I hadn't worked in over eight months. I'd done a veritable emotional marathon, leaving behind a plethora of failed relationships. I felt ancient, and so tired. In a year a half I'd be forty!

I didn't trust pills, didn't have access to a gun, razor blades are too slow and messy, and jumping off a bridge was out of the questions, since I'm afraid of heights. So I decided to carbon monoxide myself to death.

I had the car, now all I needed was a garage. I could think of only a couple of friends with garages, but decided against borrowing. I know I just hate loaning things out; you never know what condition you'll get your things back in, and I could picture my friends' faces, aghast at the discovery of my cold, stiff, blue carcass, right there in the garage that they had been so gracious to loan to a friend. I thought of leaving a note under the windshield wiper: "Thanks a lot. Keep the car." But I wouldn't wish that car on a friend. It seems to be a magnet for speeding tickets and all those other "carmatic" things like mechanics' bills, high insurance premiums, and towing expenses.

Nix on the garage. Plan two: duct tape garden hose from the exhaust into the window of the running car. I had the car and the duct tape, but no garden hose. I decided to make a phone call to the suicide prevention line before I drove all the way to Canadian Tire for my implement of destruction. I called the number in the front of the phone book and was greeted immediately by a pleasant but flustered sounding voice: "Hello. Could you please

hold for a moment?" Immediately thereafter, a recorded message came on, not unlike that of the recordings so popular with government offices these days: I imagined hearing, "For information on carbon monoxide poisoning, please press 2." Apparently, I had the misfortune of gravitating toward self-annihilation during peak season. Gawd, I am just so typical.

I hung up, angry. I hate being conventional, and I hate being put on hold, especially when I'm already agitated and possibly dangerous, if only to myself, if only I had a length of garden hose. On the other side of the page, I noticed "Distress Line" and a number. I called that number and talked to a very nice lady, (thank you, nice lady) whose name I don't remember. I announced I was about to spring off my mortal coil, and we talked at length about what was bothering me. I cried a lot. Before our conversation ended, she suggested I phone a friend, or friends, and tell them how I was feeling so I did.

My friend's response to my abrupt and almost cheerful sounding announcement, "Hi. I'm going to kill myself," was, "Oh, Cindy. Listen, I'm watching a movie right now." Me: "Oh. Then don't let me keep you." Her: "Okay. Bye." A couple of my neighbours were just outside, so I went out to the balcony and asked if anyone had any garden hose, or if they thought the caretaker would have some. I must have been a curious sight with my bloated,

red face and half a box of soggy Kleenex wadded up in my fist. They looked at me, puzzled or concerned, I couldn't tell which. Maybe one was puzzled and the other was concerned? Radar asked what I wanted garden hose for, and I replied that I was going to kill myself, and described in detail, my plan. He told me a garden hose was unnecessary, that all I required was a regular, garden variety potato installed in my tail-pipe. I queried whether this would cause fumes to enter the vehicle, and he evasively mumbled, "something like that." I discovered later, not by experimentation, that the pota-

to-tailpipe scenario, will at worst, cause a car to back fire. My friend phoned back, reporting that she had felt uneasy after our strange conversation. What had I said? I blubbered and boo-hoed about how crumbly I felt while she listened patiently, and I felt like she really cared about me. And I talked to other friends as well.

I had three days of struggle. The urge to annihilate myself was overwhelming, but I phoned friends, made plans, and when I was too scared to drive my car for fear of driving into a large stationary object, such as a building, I brought my dog with me. I knew absolutely that I didn't

want to hurt her. My moulting, leaky old, bulimic horror of a cat, perhaps, but not my precious pup and best bud, Zoe. So here's the end of the story: I'm alive and feeling good. I'm alive because I've made a lot of lifestyle changes over the past few years, and with those changes came some new friends and new coping mechanisms, like asking for help. Drugs and alcohol are not an option for me any more but being clean and sober doesn't mean that life is always great, sometimes it's just plain awful. Still, it's better that it was, and if I fall down, up again isn't so very far to go.

Cindy

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